THE TURKEY'S LAST REQUEST.

Now, hark ye, merry gentlemen,
And hush your foolish squabbles,
And listen to the turkey, when
His last request he gobbles;
The scanty time I have to live
Is spent in observation;
So pray you, gentlemen, forgive
The turkey's dissertation.

I do observe among you all
A selfishness surprising;
You're satisfied when others fall,
And envious when they're rising;
This wicked world a barn-yard is,
And, when a corn shower rattles,
Each craves a share that is not his,
And with his neighbor battles.

The jaunty fowl with head in air,
He crows in exultation;
The rest a look of meekness wear,
And fawn in adulation;
But let misfortune clip his wings,
Ye meet him with suspicion,
And every friend the whisper flings
That wafts him to perdition.

O! petty race of greedy men
That kill me at Thanksgiving,
Does conscience never prick you when
You see the way you're living?
How many of you spend your days
In honest, cheery labor?
Whose head upon his pillow lays
At peace with every neighbor?

You're merry when the skies are fair,
Your selfishness pursuing;
Your charity is cold and spare,
And left for others' doing;
What care you for the poor man's lot,
Or for the widow's sighing?
The mournful sound e hear it not
Of orphan children crying.

To-day my coat is old and brown,
My gait an awkward hobble;
'Mong barn-yard fowls I seem a clown;
My voice is but a gobble.
But when upon your board I lie
In golden yellow glory,
With fragrant incense steaming high,
Then don't forget my story.

O! petty race of greedy men,
When I have died for others,
Pray think upon your duty then
To all your suffering brothers!
Above your head the skies are fair,
O'er yonder roof they're murky;
I beg you'll send my drumsticks there,
And please the martyred turkey.

RAY'S ONLY LOVE;

Or, What Thanksgiving Brought.

BY LILIAN IRVING.

The opening exhibition of the Art Society was crowded that day. The long room, with its wealth of painting and statuary, seemed a temple fit for the gods, and the public, in all their various ways, were enjoying it. For the public of our period are much concerned with things artistic, and take art exhibitions as a natural part of their daily bread, an inalienable right of their inheritance.

Ray Converse was sauntering dreamily about the room, passing a few idle hours, more for the sake of passing them than for any very absorbing appreciation he felt just then for the treasures of art surrounding him. Once he had cared for these things so much. He thought of it now half-sadly, half-amused, as we sometimes turn back to look at our past selves as at another individual. That was in the days he had known Genevieve Kelsey. He had cared for her, too, with that silent, absorbing, passionate devotion of his which was a part of his nature. She did not herself realize the depth of his love, though she was more near to responding to it than she knew, till Ralph Eveleth came in her way and had seemed to strangely fascinate her. He was a handsome man—a man of society, who seemed *blase* with the world, who was accustomed to have his own way, and who had run the whole scale of enjoyment—perhaps of dissipation. Yet he was refined and gentlemenly, and—only the All-seeing eye could tell how—he and Genevieve Kelsey seemed strangely attached from the first.

When Ray Converse first found that he could not win this fair woman he let go all the strands that had made life beautiful to him and went out to the far West. He had been roughing it there for ten years. During that time life had been one stern reality to him. Yet, with its gleams of finer things, he learned to love the symphony of color when the sunset fires burned low in the west with such tints as never an artist's brush had caught; the purple hue that stole softly over mountains and plains enfolded him in its hush of peace. The stars that shone above him were not purer than his life, nor colder; for no woman's touch could set his pulses thrilling. How could it, after he had known Genevieve Kelsey?

It had been a fancy of his to pass the Thanksgiving of this year at home among the quiet Kentucky hills, and now, within a few hours' journey, he was detained in St. Estavenne by missing a train. Ah! he little dreamed what destiny meant when she sent that train without him.

The city life surged about him with its bitter-sweet memories and associations. His thoughts strayed unaccountably backward. Some spring of memory was touched, and long-silent melodies flowed forth.

His half-dreaming thoughts were suddenly arrested by a face, before which he paused in sudden eagerness. It was a medallion, a woman's face wrought in marble. There was no mistaking that face—the sight of which thrilled and touched him with all the old nameless magnetism. He turned to the catalogue, but the number was only entered as "A Sketch," but he knew it was the face of Genevieve Kelsey. In almost less time than it could be told he was on his way to the studio of the sculptor who had modeled the sketch. Some sudden prophetic instinct stirred within him and impelled him with a wild eagerness of hope. In all these years he had not heard of Miss Kelsey. He did not know, he did not want to know, anything of the old life, since she would now make life bright for him. He had taken it for granted, indeed he had vaguely heard, that she had married Eveleth, and further he never inquired. But some intuitional hope, for whose existence he could not account, hurried him out into the chill gray of that November afternoon. The brief glow had already faded into the dull twilight, and the gas was lighted here and there as he hurried through the crowded streets. A chill wind sprung up from the east. A city, like an individual, has her own moods and tenses, and if one lingers long within her gates one comes to individualize her. St. Estavenne had changed to Mr. Converse since he entered it that morning, and he journeyed on with but one thought in his mind. Was he near Genevieve Kelsey? He felt that consciousness of presence which is to us all an ever-old, ever-new miracle.

The picture of that night when he had seen her last came vividly before him. By the right of his own love he had entreated her to tell him if there was no hope, if she were irrevocably pledged to Ralph Eveleth, and she had given him all her confidence.

"I know all his faults," she had said, "but I love him."

"But, my darling, he is so utterly unworthy of you," he replied, thinking of her happiness before he thought of his own. "Oh! my love, you will have a hard life if it is once linked with his. If he were worthier you than I, I could give you up. If I could bear it all for you—your pain without mine—God knows I would. But it will come to you alone, love, when you are his wife, and I can have no right to comfort you. Perhaps there will come a time when you would even rather have my tenderness than none."

Genevieve looked at him almost uncomprehendingly.

"Why, I love him," was all she said, and he saw her again as she sat there in the deep embrasure of the window seat—a petite, dainty woman, "made of spirit, and fire, and dew," with some subtle charm of her own that no words could catch. Her beauty depended much upon expression—glaring, fading, luminous, evanescent—as cloud pictures, yet marvelously lovely with vivid lights gleaming in the thoughtful eyes and lips, whose glow of coral rivaled the rose tints of the sweet, spirited countenance, framed and shadowed by clouds of soft-falling dusky hair, among whose soft tresses his fingers had caressing strayed.

In those days he always thought of her as the one fair woman who was to make life fair to him, and through all the dreary years that followed his love for her was so strong that it held him always high and pure. Perhaps, after all, he had been hasty in thinking she had married Mr. Eveleth, he thought, with a wild gleam of exultant hope. Why had she ever cared for Ralph Eveleth? The question came again to his mind, and was as unanswerable as it had been when he first asked it ten years ago. In fact, her friends all asked this when Miss Kelsey seemed to be drifting on to that fateful crisis of her life.

Even those who did not know her very well felt it would be to her one life-long tragedy; not, perhaps, in outer trial, but in inner endurance.

An ordinary woman might have been very happy as the wife of Ralph Eveleth. Even a woman of superior endowments, if her nature were strong and self-centered, and if not too fine a fiber, might have found life satisfying to her at his side. But Genevieve was not a strong woman. She was just a gifted, sensitive, highly-wrought girl, with infinite possibilities in her nature—both ways. A woman of a singular earnestness of purpose, of a clear brain, of a warm, loving heart. Delicately responsive as was her nature, to every surrounding influence, she could not live her highest life with Ralph Eveleth. She was too receptive, too generous, too sympathetic not to be tinged by the color of the atmosphere in which she lived.

Mr. Eveleth was not wholly a bad man—indeed, he had many elements of superiority. He was a man of rather brilliant intellect, but fatally weak in moral power—a man to always do the thing that at the time seemed easiest without much care how it affected his own future or that of others. He lacked steadfastness and energy of purpose.

Miss Kelsey was a new revelation of womanhood to him. He had not the delicacy of insight to fully appreciate her rare gifts, or to comprehend her tender sweetness, but he admired her brilliancy, and resolved to win her for his own.

But there were depths in her nature he had never sounded—chords whose melodies his touch could never waken; there were forces all undreamed of by him. Some day, Ray Converse had then said, these forces would stir and demand their fruition, and in that day the tragedy of living would come upon her.

And so it was that he had trembled for Genevieve's future when he saw her gravitate to Ralph Eveleth. He did not think that her higher nature consented to it. And in that he was right, for she went on as one borne by an irresistible fate. But the crisis in her fate came sooner than Mr. Converse could have foreseen.

There had been some kind of an early promise between Genevieve Kelsey and Ralph Eveleth, which he went out into the world and held lightly, and which she held sacredly in her heart. She was so true in her nature that she only measured him by her own pure constancy. In those years her strongest tie to him, perhaps, was her consciousness that he had need of her, and it was in this perfect unselfishness of her nature that the trouble came. For the love of one will not make sacred a bond that demands for its perfection the love of two. In these first days of sunny sweetness she did not question much of life. She was satisfied in being. Vague desire touched her at times, as she watched the sunset fires burning low in the west, and the artist's creative fire stirred in her. But its forces were to wait for other years.

At times she was a curious compound of undeveloped impulses and powers. The unrest of genius was upon her, and touched and swayed her with its half-heeded upliftings. She had a vague consciousness of waiting for some touch that should crystallize the half-real dreams and half-dreaming realities that made up her life; some event that should interpret her to herself.

The event came. Ralph Eveleth's letters suddenly ceased. A silence that neither thought nor words could break fell between those two who had promised to walk the paths of life together.

For months Genevieve Kelsey wrestled singly and alone with a sorrow that was as the very depths of the Dark Valley to her. It seemed as if her strength could no longer avail, and she yielded for a time to the constant, dumb anguish of patience.

Then came other days. Youth and hope are strong, and the forces of her character asserted themselves. It was then that that rare courage and sweetness that characterized her rose to determine and shape her life. It was this subtle fineness and strength of her nature that Ray Converse had felt in her, and which had always so appealed to him. In many ways he knew her better than she knew herself. In his heart he always carried her sacredly, and he consecrated to her the deepest reverence of his nature. Half unconsciously he sometimes felt that the time would come in her life when she would have need of him, and he held himself pure and strong above his pain for this time.

So absorbed was he in all the scenes which memory had carried him backward that he reached the studio of which he was in search with a feeling of surprise.

The crimson curtains were closely drawn, and the sculptor sat alone among his marbles. These men touched common ground at once. St. John had all the keen instincts that are the birthright of every artist, and he understood the silent intensity of Mr. Converse's feelings when he asked who was the subject of the artist's sketch.

"It was modeled from the face of a young lady friend of mine—Miss Kelsey," politely replied St. John, and the face of Mr. Converse grew luminous.

"Will you permit me to ask her address, sir? She is an old friend of mine," he said, and, penciling the number and street St. John gave him, with a hearty clasp of the sculptor's hand he bade him good-evening.

"Genevieve has never married Eveleth," was his one thought; "please God, she may be my Genevieve yet."

Miss Kelsey sat alone that Thanksgiving eve. The east wind had kept its promise, and a cold rain had set in—one of those dreary, dripping, despairing rains, that have no beginning and no ending—so Genevieve had said to herself, as her thoughts kept rhythmic time to the measured beat of that despairing storm. A vague restlessness had taken possession of her that evening. It was a new thing for her to yield to it. Eight years of life, crowded with work, had somewhat modified the old girlish enthusiasm of her nature. For it was eight years since Ralph Eveleth had drifted out of her life. She had grown to look calmly at the old sorrow and comprehend that it were best; to feel that she had grown stronger and purer, and that it is but a moral degradation for a woman to love what is unworthy of her love. She thought of the words:

> She cannot look down to her lover; her love, like her soul, aspires,
> He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle its holiest fires.

For two years she had trusted Ralph Eveleth; she had hoped against hope; she had believed in him and suffered by him as only a loving woman can suffer. Unasked, her heart made all the excuses for him. She placed him always in the mental perspective of a good light. She was patient and tender, and at last when the bitter knowledge was forced upon her that it was all in vain, that the man she loved had no existence save in her own idealization of him, she had felt that life, in its best sense, was over for her; she was not much given to the consolation of poetry or philosophy, but in all those dark, despairing days a line of Mrs. Browning's haunted her:

> And having missed some personal hope,
> Beware that thus I miss no reasonable duty.

In work and in living in other lives Miss Kelsey strove to forget the past—no, not to forget—but to overlay it with earnest, genuine living. She would not be warped or harrowed by suffering—God had made her too noble for that.

Of the silent intensity of the love Ray Converse had for her she had never fully realized. Absorbed in her thoughts of another she failed to comprehend all he had endured, when he felt that for her happiness he must leave her. Afterward she had cause to know how tender and steadfast was his love, and sometimes it rested her to remember it. She thought how happy must the woman be whom his love enfolded, for that he had married she never questioned.

Now she knew that the highest love of her life had never been given to Ralph; that he had not the power to call it from her.

These eight years of her life in St. Estavenne had been years of earnest work in her art. Two days in each week she received her pupils in painting; others she worked in her studio. This last year the silent intensity of her nature had found expression in a book which had met a success that surpassed her highest expectations. This book was the inevitable outgrowth of all she had lived through, for to the artistic nature expression is a necessity. Nothing could have more conclusively proved how she had outgrown her love for Mr. Eveleth than her power to write this book, with its rare analytical characterization. All that had died in her heart lived on her brain with added force.

Miss Kelsey wondered why life looked dreary this evening. She had become quite the center of a charming circle of people, all of exceptional gifts and culture, and both artists and authors sought her continually. The innate joyousness and elasticity of her nature shone through the earnestness of real rank like a light through alabaster. The woman was still as fresh and simple as the child. The years of discipline had perfected her character into rare loveliness, and her manner had a nameless magnetism, felt by all. One could not know Miss Kelsey without giving her the poet's tribute:

> All hearts grew warmer in her presence,
> As one who, seeking not her own,
> Gave freely for the love of giving,
> Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

But to-night life looked dreary to Genevieve, and she faintly wondered what she should do all the long, lonely winter so near at hand, thinking with a despairing thrill of pain that life had grown colorless, and she could not endure it any longer. To this there succeeded a state of repressed excitement. The rose-flush deepened in her cheeks, and there was a new sparkle in her eyes. She felt a presence of unknown happiness.

There came a ring at the door, and a voice in the hall. But she sat quite still on the low seat in the south window, where the faint odor of the ferns breathed a subtle fragrance. The footsteps came nearer. There was a knock at the door.

Miss Kelsey could not herself have told what followed. She only realized half an hour later that Ray Converse was beside her; that his arms enfolded her, and that his eyes were bent low upon the pure, patient beauty that sorrow had chiseled in her face. There was more than the old girlish loveliness of feature and color. The girl's eagerness had not faded, but the woman's power was there—the woman's longing and earnestness—for Ray had told her what his coming meant. He held her in his arms, and kissed again and again the tender, clinging lips—the flushing, paling face; and he told her the story of his years of love in words of passionate intensity. He told her how, when all was dark, the thought of her was still the inspiration to live not unworthily of her, and now that his need of her must be met, and they would go out together into the joy and fullness of a new life that should be a perpetual thanksgiving. And Genevieve listened to the words that thrilled every chord of her being; listened as only a woman who has suffered and triumphed and loved can listen to the words that first satisfy her heart. Ray loved her; what more could she ask?

"And now, my darling," he said—"my own patient, loving little girl—you will promise to be mine to-morrow. I cannot part with you again, dear. Life is too short to lose one hour of its happiness. Let to-morrow be, indeed, the Thanksgiving of our lives."

There was a quiet, beautiful bridal the next day. No one knew just how it came about, but all the circle of friends who had held Genevieve so dear grouped in the pretty studio where she had wrought out so many lovely fancies, and there were flowers and music and tender kisses after the sacred rites were said, and the light of an ineffable peace was on the face of the lovely bride, and perhaps there were never purer prayers than those that followed Genevieve Converse by all who loved her and who knew what Thanksgiving brought her.

"HE WAS A GOOD FIGHTER."

A Southerner's Opinion of the Late Senator Chandler.

[Henry Watterson, in the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

The chief of the Stalwarts is dead. His light, if not remarkable for its brilliance, burned fiercely, reaching a white heat, and goes out suddenly enough to startle the country. Men have not been used to contemplate the rugged old partisan from the standpoint of death. There was that about him, indeed, which seemed to defy all the elements. He was a fighter, and a fighter from Bitter creek, pretty high up, North side. He had the faculty of giving and taking hard blows; was sincerely wrong-headed; was fearlessly outspoken; was, personally, upright and of a kind, placable and even genial nature. His friends, of whom he had perhaps as many as any man of his time, will lament his going; while, amid a certain sense of relief in his enemies, a feeling bordering on regret will mingle itself. There are always traits to admire in a positive character; and, if it be true, as true it is, that better men have lived than Zachariah Chandler, it is also true that very many worse, and very much worse, men have lived.

It would be an impropriety in us to say what we do not think or feel in referring to the deceased Senator. We have known him long enough to take a just, if not an enthusiastic, estimate of his personality, and his place in the public service; and he himself would be the first, if he were alive, to scorn the empty panegyric of funeral ceremony. He did not deal in subterfuge. He had the brave man's scorn, the honest man's contempt, of canting and dodging. He was always thoroughly in earnest and spoke his mind out freely. It was his opinion in 1860 that things had come to such a pass that "a little blood-letting," as he phrased it, "would be good for the body politic." He was, therefore, for war. Though not a malignant man, or even a good hater, he had worked himself up to a distrust of all things and all men Southern, and nothing was too violent, nothing too questionable, which promised to compass any design to thwart them. He hesitated neither as to the word nor the deed, holding the end in all cases to justify the means.

Intellectually a cross between old Ben Wade and Oliver Morton, possessing somewhat of the burly wit and bluff style of the one and the alert brain-power of the other, he was strong both as an organizer and a speaker. There was no nonsense about him. He went straight for the thing in sight; and he generally came off with it. His methods were bad, and he made no bones about them. His opinions were extreme, and he advanced them on every occasion with an aggressive force which was rarely without effect. He was here to command; and, so far as he cared to, he always did command.

* * * There is no stain upon his private honor. His life was prosperous, and there is no reason to believe that his home was not happy. He never betrayed a friend. He never struck an enemy in the back. He was headstrong and boisterous. He did not set himself as an example to the young manhood of the country; but we cannot say that he corrupted it.

In the history of his time he will stand out conspicuously. His name will be associated with a period of gigantic corruption, which he did not share. He was surrounded by a cluster of politicians, whose baseness and hypocrisy he did not emulate. He fought his own battle right out from the shoulder, giving no quarter and asking none. He dies with his war-paint upon him, and all his passions at their hottest, and he will be taken to his grave amid the mournings and the plaudits of the party, for which his services have been very great. In no sense of the word a statesman, one whose love of country was held in complete subjection to his partisan prejudices, he was a politician of the very first order—adroit, unscrupulous, full of resources, bold, ready, and effective.

The death of such a man is an event. He was a power in the land, and we certainly think a power for evil. But he has crossed the great river, which we all must cross, and has reached a world were there are no rebels and no quarrels, but only life eternal, light, peace and love. He knows now whether he was right or wrong in the hard judgment and harsh thoughts of those of his countrymen from whom his difference was life-long. Most certainly those of us who remain behind yet a little longer behold his coffin descend into the grave with no other feeling than that it contains the mortal fragments of one who had power only while living to kindle our anger; of one who, in life, gave us no more than we gave him, and who, in death, squares the account. He was a hard one to tackle. He was a good fighter. God be with him, and may he rest in peace!

THE OBELISK FOR NEW YORK.

Something of Interest Concerning the Great Needle.

[Interview with Gen. Loring in St. Paul Pioneer.]

"Who is the American citizen who is furnishing the money to move that obelisk from Alexandria to New York city?"

"I am told that it is William H. Vanderbilt, the railway king. That obelisk is the true Cleopatra Needle. The one that England got was never known in Egypt as Cleopatra's Needle. While I am glad our country is the fortunate recipient, it appears to me an outrage on Alexandria and Egypt."

"What is the Khedive's motive in making such a rare present?"

"I think he was courting the favor of the United States. His fortunes as a ruler were waning, and, believing the United States was an enemy of England and the most powerful one, he imagined that our friendship might avail him something. He had always been anxious for her favor."

"How is that obelisk regarded in Egypt?"

"It is the only object of great historical interest left in Alexandria, and it won't be there long. It is the first object you see in approaching the city from the sea. The obelisk that went to England has been buried for 100 years in the sand some thirty feet from the one standing. Both were brought from Heliopolis by Cleopatra, and placed in front of the palace of the Cæsars. The New York obelisk is much better preserved than the English trophy, and the writing on it is more distinct. It is one of the oldest obelisks in the world, and was constructed during that splendid era of art of the Twelfth Dynasty, 1,000 years before Joseph. Not a man in Egypt could realize that the Khedive had given it away. They were all wonder-struck. When England was removing her obelisk there was general rejoicing in Egypt when the rumor came back that it was lost in the sea."

"What is the color of our obelisk?"

"It is the color of a brown-stone front on Fifth avenue. It came from the famous quarry 600 miles above Cairo. I think it is about seventy feet high. The granite, fresh from the quarry, sparkles like jewels. The grandest of all obelisks is still sacred in the temple of Karnak. It is 100 feet high, and is the most beautifully cut and engraved of all known obelisks. The one in Paris was in this temple, and is the second in height in the world. There is one in the quarry like the one in Karnak. The New York obelisk is 1,000 years older than either of the others. The most interesting one, historically, is still at Heliopolis. It was cut 3,064 B. C., and preserves all the style and grandeur of the finest sculpture of that brilliant epoch of Egyptian art. It is the only object left of the splendid city of 'On.'"

A Wonderful Frenchman.

The most remarkable man in Paris at the present moment is M. Phillipart, whose name and doings are on every man's tongue. My traveling companion compared him to Baron Grant, but Baron Grant, in his most palmy days, never conceived schemes half so colossal as this man. A few months ago Phillipart was a bankrupt. Now he has paid every creditor in full, and is worth nobody knows how many millions. He must have some money, for it took 80,000,000 francs to pay his debts. Some time ago this French financier came to grief over a gigantic scheme for the amalgamation of the French and Belgian railways. Now the state has adopted the whole or some portion of his plans, and bought Phillipart's interest in the project. He promptly seized the opportunity to pay his creditors in full, and bring out the "Bank European," and is at this moment the most talked-of man in France.—*Paris letter to Philadelphia Telegraph.*

An Editor's Vacation.

About six weeks ago a person entered our office and proposed to sell us a new-fangled "fountain pen." The rash young man at length mentioned as a recommendation that the pen held ink enough to last through twenty-four hours' incessant writing, and obviated the tedious necessity of dipping it in the ink-stand. Thereupon we exclaimed: "Dear young friend, would you deprive us of our vacation?" "I don't understand," he replied. "Why," said we, "the only vacation we get is while we are dipping our pen in the ink-stand, and no man shall deprive us of that. Please go away with your vacation extinguisher." He saw we were in earnest, and he went, not even daring to offer us one of his "fountains" as a gift, and we dipped our old-fashioned pen in our muddy old ink-stand and took a rest.—*Albany Law Journal.*

MANY of the mines on the mountains around Leadville, Col., have suspended work for the winter, being inaccessible in consequence of snow. Those that can be worked are carried on with difficulty, and prospecting is not easy. The ground is covered from two feet to eight feet with snow.

THE FALLS OF THE SIOUX.

BY L. G. WILSON.

I've seen the wonders of our land
In mountain, valley, stream and strand,
But never bef ore a spot did find
With such a wealth of charms as thine.

A thousand waterfalls in one,
A thousand rills around me run;
A thousand brooklets laugh and leap,
And make this lovely scene complete.

Thy waters tell me of that day
When, moons—ay, moons and moons away—
The Indian o'er these worn rocks trod,
And held communion with his God.

When, o'er these myriad waterfalls
And through this isle with sylvan halls,
The dusky maid and lover strolled
And love's old—nay, new—story told,

Here, on these rocks beneath the trees,
She sat, while he, on bended knees,
Vowed that his love should never wane
While rock and waterfall remain.

Again they tell of years to come—
Of wheel, and shaft, and spindle hum—
Of food and fabric, all complete,
Man's universal wants to meet.

I love Dakota more and more—
Her prairies vast, her mines of ore—
I love her mountains and her glades,
But most her beautiful cascades.

And, though I roam in other lands—
In city dense on ocean's strands—
Thy charms shall reign in memory's halls,
And bring me back to thee, "Sioux Falls."

SIOUX FALLS, Dak. Ter.

WIT AND HUMOR.

WHAT is marriage? One woman the more and one man the less.

ANY man can edit a newspaper, but it takes a genius to make 500 miles in six days.

COLUMBUS made the egg stand, but Italians of less renown have made the pea-nut stand.

"THAT puts a different face on it," as the boy said when the ball struck the clock dial.

IT is only the female sex who can rip, darn and tear without being considered profane.

WHATEVER objection may be opposed to whipping, it is at least undeniable that it makes a boy smart.

"CUT, and come again," as the girl said to her lover when she heard the old man stumbling around in the dark.

THE lilies of the fields have pistils, and every wide-awake citizen of fair Texas is "arrayed like one of these."

THE lightning-rod man must be allowed a good profit, for when he sells out his business he never can get much for the good-will.

LITTLE Gertie (after waiting some time for dessert)—"Uncle, don't you have anything after dinner?" Uncle—"Yes, dear; the dyspepsia."

ORAL instruction (Auntie)—"Well, Charley, what have you been doing to-day in school?" Small boy—"Oh, nothing much. Teacher's been gabbin'."

A LADY, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none of them were long enough. "I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made." "Then, madam," was the reply, "you had better apply to the next engine-house."

A WAX-WORK figure of Franklin, on exhibition in France, is labeled: "Francklin, inventor of electricity. This savant, after having made seven voyages around the world, died on the Sandwich islands, and was devoured by savages, of whom not a single fragment was ever recovered."

THE DEAREST LOVE.

A sister's love is charming,
As everybody knows;
And a handsome cousin's love is nice
(at least, I should suppose);
And the love of a true lover
Is the love that cannot pall;
But the love of a new bonnet
Is the dearest love of all!

MOTHER to her daughter, just 7 years old—"What makes you look so sad, Carrie?" Carrie, looking at her baby-brother, 3 weeks old—"I was just thinking that in about ten years from now, when I shall be entering company, and having a beau, that brother of mine will be just old enough to bother the life out of me."

A ROCKLAND man read that one should endeavor to draw something useful from everything he saw, and nobly resolved to profit by the teaching. That night when the moon was hidden he essayed to draw a number of useful cord-wood sticks from his neighbor's woodpile, and got filled so full of rock-salt out of a gun that he won't be able to taste anything fresh for the balance of his natural life.

THE round yellow pumpkin that the housewife has in eye for a nice batch of inch and a half deep pies, with under crust as brown as a berry, doesn't always show up when cooking-day comes round; but down behind the garden gate at the first approach of darkness she can see a fiendish face all aglow with fire. That's her favorite pumpkin, and the only wax-candle she had is inside of it.

"A TIGHT Squeeze" is an unfortunate title for a book. An old maid will never—no never!—enter a book store and ask a spruce young clerk for "A Tight Squeeze," although she may want one very badly. And a much beruffled and banged young lady will hardly ever call for "A Tight Squeeze" so publicly, when she is already squeezed so tightly that she can hardly draw her breath. And a young man—well, a young man doesn't go to a book store when he wants "A Tight Squeeze."

Conundrums.

In building conundrums the answer is the simplest part of the structure. For instance, here is a capital answer: "One is fall shopping, and the other is shop falling," but we haven't time to look around for a conundrum to fit it. And again: "One is Hamlet alone, and the other is ham let alone." The conundrum necessarily contains something about the melancholy Dane and diseased pork. Here is one complete: "What is the difference between a church fair and an infant's overstocking?" Answer: "The difference between ladies' begging and a baby's legging."—*Puck.*

A LOAD of 560 live chickens were lately sold in Deadwood, Dakota, at $10 per dozen.